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# TERRIFIC

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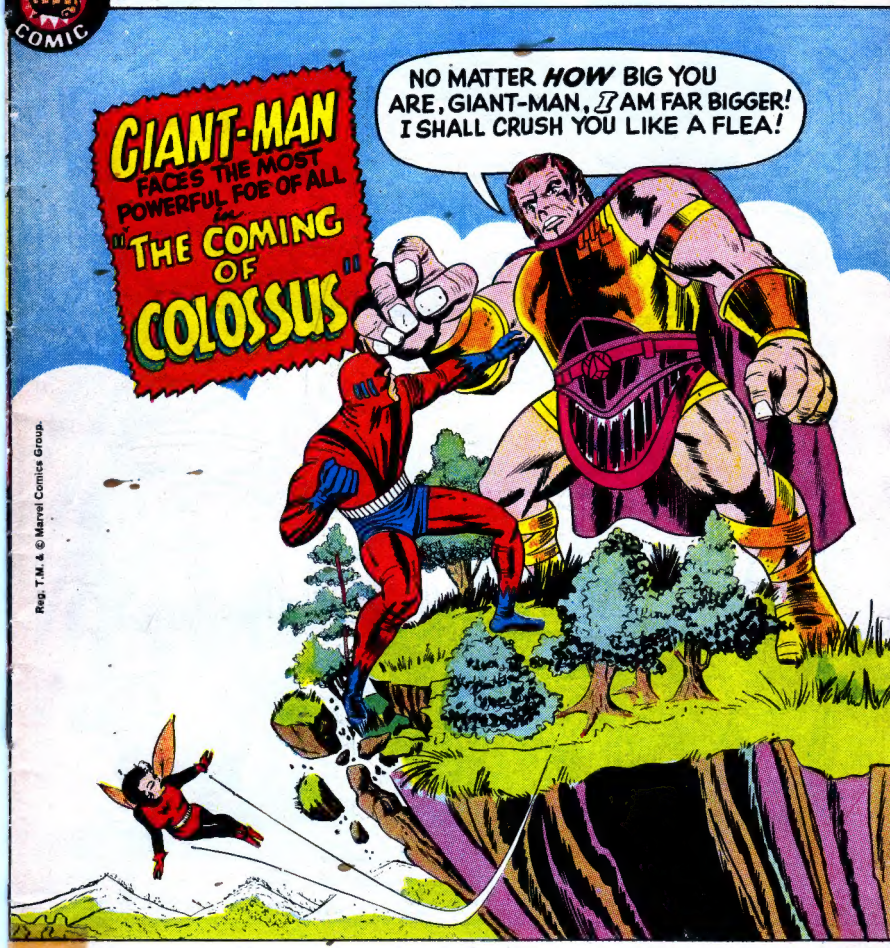


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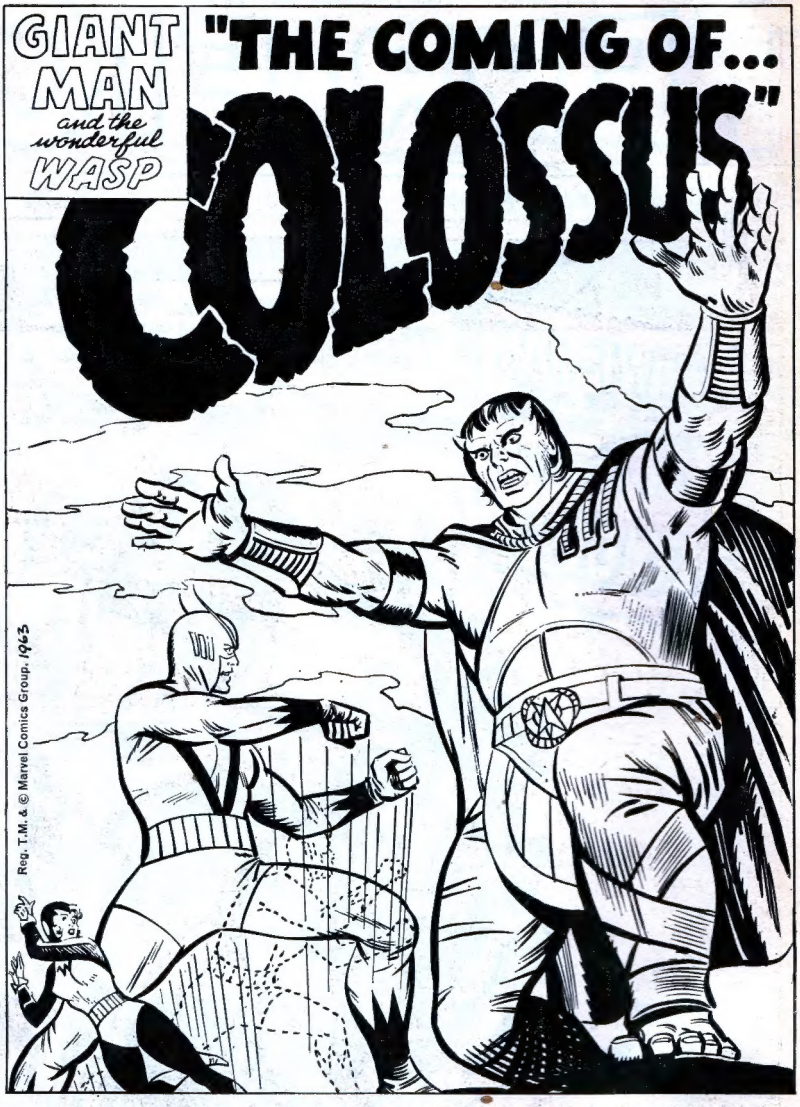


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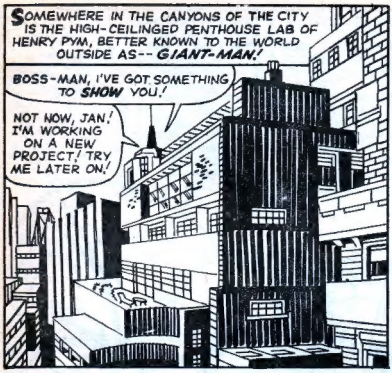

SOMEWHERE IN THE CANYONS OF THE CITY IS THE HIGH-CEILINGED PENTHOUSE LAB OF HENRY PYM, BETTER KNOWN TO THE WORLD OUTSIDE AS-- GIANT-MAN!
BOSS-MAN, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!
NOT NOW, JAN! I'M WORKING ON A NEW PROJECT! TRY ME LATER ON!

BUT THIS WON'T WAIT, HANK! THE SKIING SEASON WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER!
THERE'LL BE OTHER SEASONS, GAL! BUT I THINK I'VE FOUND A WAY TO CHANGE SIZE WITHOUT HAVING TO SWALLOW ANY MORE GROWTH CAPSULES!
LAKE PLACID

WHAT'S THE USE?? MY EVER-LOVIN' BLUE-EYED DREAMBOAT HAS A TEST TUBE INSTEAD OF A HEART!
WHILE I'M WEARING MY CYBERNETIC HELMET, WHY SHOULDN'T I BE ABLE TO ALTER MY SIZE MERELY BY USING MENTAL ENERGY??

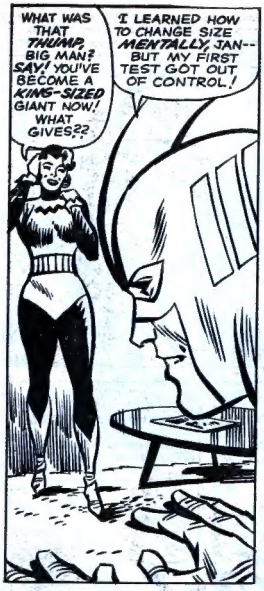
IT WOULD MEAN I'D NO LONGER HAVE TO DEPEND ON BEING ABLE TO REACH MY CAPSULES! I'VE GOT TO TRY IT!

WHILE YOU'RE MAKING LIKE A MAD SCIENTIST, I'M GOING TO REDESIGN MY COSTUME! AFTER ALL, EVEN A WASP LIKES TO WEAR SOMETHING NEW NOW AND THEN!
HMMM? OH, SURE-- OF COURSE --GOOD IDEA, JAN...
THE BIG GOOF! HE'S NOT EVEN LISTENING TO A WORD I SAY!

MINUTES LATER...
THERE! I'VE MADE ALL THE NECESSARY MODIFICATIONS! NOW TO MENTALLY ACTIVATE THE CYBERNETIC IMPULSES--
LET ME GROW LARGER-- LARGER--

WOW!!!
WHOOM

IT WORKS EVEN BETTER THAN I EXPECTED!
OHH, MY ACHIN' BACK!

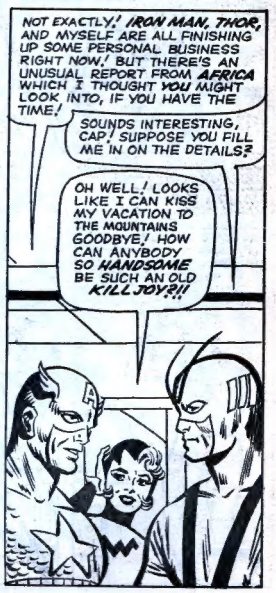

WHAT WAS THAT THUMP, BIG MAN? SAY, YOU'VE BECOME A KING-SIZED GIANT NOW! WHAT GIVES??
I LEARNED HOW TO CHANGE SIZE MENTALLY, JAN-- BUT MY FIRST TEST GOT OUT OF CONTROL!

THERE! SEE HOW I CAN THINK MYSELF BACK TO NORMAL?
HMM, I LIKE THE WAY YOU REDESIGNED YOUR COSTUME!
YOU MEAN YOU FINALLY NOTICED?? HENRY PYM, I'M CALLING A DOCTOR! YOU MUST BE ILL!

QUIET, JAN! MY ANTENNAE ARE TINGLING! THERE'S SOMEONE LURKING NEARBY!
NOT "LURKING" BIG FELLA! JUST DROPPING IN FROM OUR HOVERING JET-COPTER WHICH IS WAITING OUTSIDE!

SORRY TO BARGE IN THIS WAY, PARTNERS--BUT I'VE GOT SOME INFO FOR YOU!
IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!!

SAY! YOUR UNIFORM LOOKS LOVELY, WASP! WHO REDESIGNED IT--CHRISTIAN DIOR??
WITH THAT KIND OF SWEET-TALK, I WISH YOU'D BARGE IN MORE OFTEN!
WHAT'S UP, CAP? A NEW CASE FOR THE AVENGERS?
*FOR THOSE AMONG YOU WHO MIGHT HAVE FORGOTTEN THESE GIANT MAN STORIES ARE PART OF A FLASH-BACK TO THE FARAWAY DAYS WHEN HIGHPOCKETS WAS ONE OF THE OLD AVENGERS. ED.


NOT EXACTLY! IRON MAN, THOR, AND MYSELF ARE ALL FINISHING UP SOME PERSONAL BUSINESS RIGHT NOW! BUT THERE'S AN UNUSUAL REPORT FROM AFRICA WHICH I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LOOK INTO, IF YOU HAVE THE TIME!
SOUNDS INTERESTING, CAP! SUPPOSE YOU FILL ME IN ON THE DETAILS?
OH WELL! LOOKS LIKE I CAN KISS MY VACATION TO THE MOUNTAINS GOODBYE! HOW CAN ANYBODY SO HANDSOME BE SUCH AN OLD KILL JOY?!!

I CAN'T VOUCH FOR THE ACCURACY OF THE REPORTS, BUT FOR DAYS NOW WE'VE BEEN HEARING REPORTS OF A GIGANTIC MAN WHOM THE NATIVES CALL COLOSSUS!! THEY SAY HE'S TWICE AS BIG AS GIANT-MAN--ABOUT THIRTY FEET TALL!

"HE LIVES ATOP A TOWERING PEAK IN THE BORA-BURU REGION--A PEAK SO STEEP THAT HE IS UNABLE TO DESCEND INTO THE VALLEY!"

"THE NATIVES BELOW CALL HIM A GOD--AND LIVE IN DREAD FEAR OF HIM!! HE IS SAID TO BE THE MOST POWERFUL LIVING CREATURE ON EARTH TODAY!"

"WE WERE NOTIFIED BECAUSE COLOSSUS IS NOW DEMANDING A HUMAN SACRIFICE, AND THE NATIVES DON'T KNOW WHERE TO TURN FOR HELP!"

SAY NO MORE, CAP! THE WASP WAS JUST PESTERING ME FOR A VACATION--SO I CAN KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!
WE KNEW WE COULD COUNT ON YOU, GIANT-MAN! GOOD LUCK!

SOME VACATION! I WANT TO GO UP NORTH TO THE MOUNTAINS --SO WE END UP HEADING FOR DARKEST AFRICA! THANKS A HEAP!

WIPE OFF THE FROWN, HONEY! YOU KNOW YOU WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!
SO WHAT DOES THAT PROVE?? I'M NUTTIER THAN YOU!

SOMETIME LATER, A SPEEDY TWO-MAN JET APPROACHES THE BORA-BURU REGION OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA...
WE'RE ALMOST THERE, JAN! I WANT TO BUZZ THE AREA AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND--JAN!! LOOK!!
I SEE HIM! THEN THE REPORTS WERE TRUE! HE'S GIGANTIC!!

HE'S EASILY THIRTY FEET TALL! THAT'S TWICE AS BIG AS MY FIGHTING SIZE OF TWELVE FEET!
BUT YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF GROW EVEN LARGER, CAN'T YOU, HANK?

SURE, BUT I GROW PROPORTIONATELY WEAKER, THE LARGER I GET! SAY-- WHAT'S THAT, HUGE, SHELL-LIKE THING NEAR COLOSSUS??

I DON'T KNOW, BLUE EYES-- BUT I SURE DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE'S LOOKING AT US! DON'T GET TOO CLOSE!
BLAST IT!! THE CONTROLS ARE JAMMED! CAN'T TURN--!!

HANK--HANK!! HE CAUGHT US!! LIKE GRABBING A TOY!!
SIT TIGHT! WE'LL SEE WHAT HE DOES!

ATTACK COLOSSUS, WILL YOU??!
HE SPEAKS OUR LANGUAGE!!

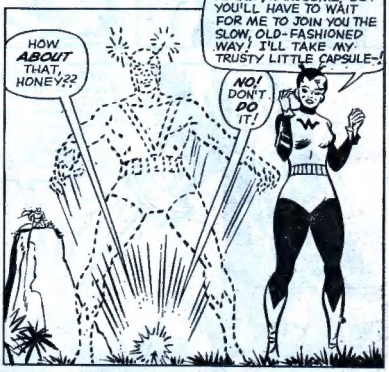
HE TOSSED US AWAY-- WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL! HANK-- WE'LL CRASH!
KEEP COOL, JAN! PRESS THAT RED BUTTON AT THE SIDE OF YOUR SEAT--NOW!

EJECTOR SEATS! DREAMBOAT, YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING!
ONE OF US HAS TO, MY LITTLE SCATTER-BRAIN!

DON'T GO 'WAY, BIG BOY! YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF US!

THEN, AFTER GIANT-MAN AND THE WASP HAVE SAFELY LANDED...
JAN, THE EASIEST WAY FOR US TO SCALE THAT SHEER PEAK IS TO SHRINK! AS ANT-MAN AND THE WASP, WE CAN EASILY REACH THE TOP!

BESIDES, I'VE BEEN ANXIOUS TO TEST MY MENTAL SHRINKING POWER UNDER BATTLE CONDITIONS! DON'T FAIL ME, LITTLE CYBERNETIC HEADPIECE!! HERE GOES--!
IT'S GOING TO WORK! I CAN FEEL MY ANTENNAE TINGLE AS I CONCENTRATE ON REACHING ANT-SIZE!


TERRIF, HANDSOME! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR ME TO JOIN YOU THE SLOW, OLD-FASHIONED WAY! I'LL TAKE MY TRUSTY LITTLE CAPSULE--!
HOW ABOUT THAT, HONEY??
NO! DON'T DO IT!

I SAVED THIS AS A SURPRISE FOR YOU! AS LONG AS I'M WEARING MY CYBERNETIC HEADPIECE, I CAN MENTALLY CHANGE YOUR HEIGHT, ALSO! SEE?
OHHH! IT'S POSITIVELY EERIE!

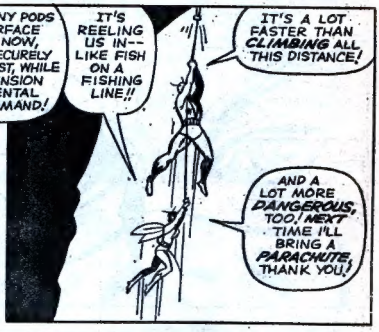
NOW, WITH OUR INSECT POWERS, IT'S AN EASY MATTER TO DASH UP THE SIDE OF THE PEAK! IT SHOULDN'T TAKE MORE THAN A COUPLE OF HOURS IF WE DON'T STOP!
IT'S A LONG WAY UP! I'LL FOLLOW THIS WAY, TO SAVE MY FLYING ENERGY FOR LATER!
WITH COLOSSUS BEING THIRTY FEET TALL, AND US ONLY INSECT-SIZED, HE'LL NEVER NOTICE US! BUT WHAT DO WE DO WHEN WE REACH HIM??

WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER! HOLD IT, JAN!
Y'KNOW, THIS IS GOING TO TAKE LONGER THAN I THOUGHT!

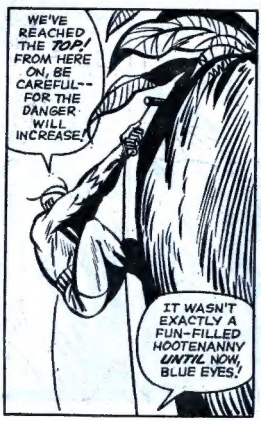
YOU'RE NOT KIDDING! THIS PEAK MIGHT AS WELL BE MT. EVEREST WHEN WE'RE INSECT-SIZED!
I KNOW--THAT'S WHY I TUCKED THIS LITTLE GADGET IN MY ACCESSORY BELT! IT'LL SPEED THINGS UP FOR US!

WHAT IS IT, HANK? I NEVER SAW IT BEFORE!
NATURALLY! YOU'RE TOO BUSY READING TRAVEL MAGAZINES WHILE YOUR HARD-WORKING PARTNER-IN-PERIL SLAVES OVER HIS HOT TEST-TUBES!

SEE HOW THOSE TINY PODS ADHERE TO ANY SURFACE THEY TOUCH? AND NOW, WRAP THAT LOOP SECURELY AROUND YOUR WRIST, WHILE I RELEASE THE TENSION SPRING BY A MENTAL CYBERNETIC COMMAND!


IT'S REELING US IN--LIKE FISH ON A FISHING LINE!!
IT'S A LOT FASTER THAN CLIMBING ALL THIS DISTANCE!
AND A LOT MORE DANGEROUS, TOO! NEXT TIME I'LL BRING A PARACHUTE, THANK YOU!

YOU WOULDN'T BE HAPPY UNLESS YOU WERE COMPLAINING ABOUT SOME--HOLD IT! LOOK THERE!!


WE'VE REACHED THE TOP! FROM HERE ON, BE CAREFUL--FOR THE DANGER WILL INCREASE!
IT WASN'T EXACTLY A FUN-FILLED HOOTENANNY UNTIL NOW, BLUE EYES!

HANK! HE'S WALKING TOWARDS US! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF HIM!
NO NEED TO WHISPER! HE CAN'T HEAR US 'WAY UP THERE!

HE MERELY WALKED TO THE EDGE TO LOOK FOR US! HE CAN'T POSSIBLY KNOW WE'RE HERE, DOWN AT HIS FEET!
BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE REACHED HIM, WHAT CAN YOU DO?? EVEN AS GIANT-MAN YOU'LL ONLY BE HALF HIS SIZE!

AND I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING ELSE! AT THIS HIGH ALTITUDE, THE AIR IS TOO THIN FOR MY WINGS! THE WASP WON'T BE ABLE TO FLY AND HELP YOU!

THAT'S OKAY, JAN! I'M GOING TO BECOME GIANT-MAN NOW, AND HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO--

SOMETHING AT MY FEET--MOVING--GROWING! WHA--??

I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN DEMANDING A HUMAN SACRIFICE TO BE SENT UP TO YOU BY THE NATIVES! HOW ABOUT ME, COLOSSUS?? WILL I DO??

I'VE GOT TO TIME THIS JUST RIGHT, ACCORDING TO HANK'S INSTRUCTIONS! WHEN COLOSSUS BENDS OVER TO SEIZE HIM--I STRIKE!

I'VE SET MY WASP'S STING AT HIGHEST POWER.!! IF I AIM IT JUST RIGHT, WHEN IT HITS COLOSSUS' TOE IT MIGHT MAKE HIM LOSE HIS BALANCE FOR A MOMENT...
...JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR HANK TO WALLOP HIM WHEN HIS CHIN IS WITHIN RANGE.! NOW!!

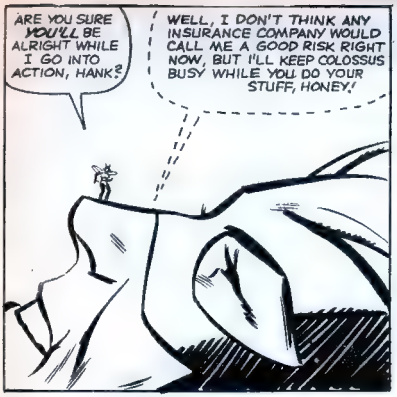
I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON JAN.! COLOSSUS IS WONDERING WHAT STUNG HIM IN THE TOE.! THIS IS MY CHANCE--MUST MAKE THE MOST OF IT!

WHAM!

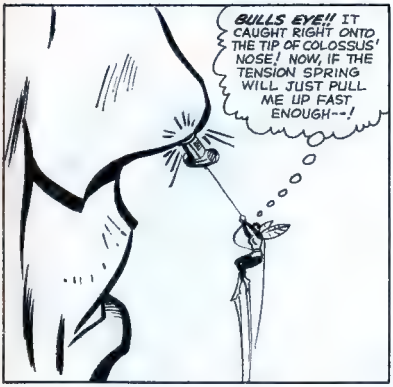
WHEW!-- SCRATCH ONE BRIGHT IDEA.! ALL I SUCCEEDED IN DOING WAS NEARLY FRACTURING EVERY KNUCKLE I'VE GOT!
IF THERE IS A WAY TO BEAT HIM, IT ISN'T BY A PUNCH IN THE JAW!

YOU ARROGANT FOOL.!! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD ELUDE SOMEONE TWICE YOUR SIZE??
SAY.! I OUGHT TO REMEMBER THAT LINE.! IT'S A GOOD ONE FOR ME TO USE WHEN I GET HOME.!

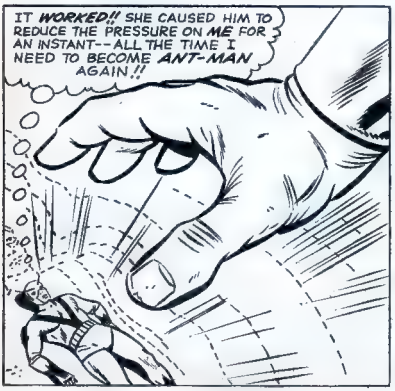
YOU'LL NEVER RETURN HOME.! NO ONE ESCAPES COLOSSUS.!
OKAY, LITTLE PARTNER --TIME FOR PLAN B.! AND DON'T TAKE TIME OUT TO POWDER YOUR NOSE.!


ARE YOU SURE YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT WHILE I GO INTO ACTION, HANK?
WELL, I DON'T THINK ANY INSURANCE COMPANY WOULD CALL ME A GOOD RISK RIGHT NOW, BUT I'LL KEEP COLOSSUS BUSY WHILE YOU DO YOUR STUFF, HONEY!

HERE GOES! I HOPE I CAN HANDLE THIS LITTLE GADGET AS WELL AS YOU DID, HANDSOME!


BULLS EYE!! IT CAUGHT RIGHT ONTO THE TIP OF COLOSSUS' NOSE! NOW, IF THE TENSION SPRING WILL JUST PULL ME UP FAST ENOUGH--!

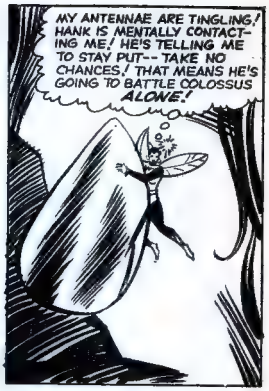
MADE IT! NOW, ANOTHER AIR GUN BLAST WHILE I CAN--!!


IT WORKED!! SHE CAUSED HIM TO REDUCE THE PRESSURE ON ME FOR AN INSTANT--ALL THE TIME I NEED TO BECOME ANT-MAN AGAIN!!

MY CAPTIVE! HE VANISHED! BUT--HOW??

JAN IS SAFE AS LONG AS SHE REMAINS QUIET ATOP COLOSSUS' HEAD!

BUT NOW IT'S UP TO ME! AND I CAN'T AFFORD TO FAIL!


MY ANTENNAE ARE TINGLING! HANK IS MENTALLY CONTACTING ME! HE'S TELLING ME TO STAY PUT--TAKE NO CHANCES! THAT MEANS HE'S GOING TO BATTLE COLOSSUS ALONE!

DON'T DO IT, HANK! HE'S TOO BIG! LET'S JUST ESCAPE WHILE WE CAN!
I HAVE TO, JAN! IT'S THE ONLY WAY! WAIT FOR FURTHER ORDERS!

I'VE GOT TO REACH HIS SIZE! I'VE NEVER DONE IT BEFORE--BUT I MUST! EVEN THOUGH IT WILL WEAKEN ME!

YOU--AGAIN???
COULDN'T MAKE IT IN ONE STAGE! TOO MUCH STRAIN! BUT I'LL TRY AGAIN--CAN'T QUIT NOW!

THOUGH YOU ARE LARGER THAN ANY OF THE SAVAGES BELOW, YOU ARE STILL A PYGMY TO COLOSSUS! SEE HOW I CAN BOWL YOU OVER BY THE MERE FORCE OF MY HANDCLAP!
MUST KEEP CONCENTRATING--CAN'T LET ANYTHING STOP ME--HERE GOES!!

STILL CONSIDER ME A PYGMY, COLOSSUS ??
YOU'RE GROWING!! BEFORE MY VERY EYES!! WHAT MANNER OF BEING ARE YOU???

OHH!HH...I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! MY HEAD'S SPINNING! FEEL WEAK--GROGGY! GREW TOO BIG--TOO FAST--

MEANWHILE, IN THE JUNGLE BELOW, THE MYSTIFIED NATIVES CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THEIR EYES...
BEHOLD!! NOW THERE ARE TWO GIANT DEVIL GODS!
IT IS ALL BEYOND BELIEF!

WITHIN MINUTES, THE INCREDIBLE REPORT IS SPREAD THROUGH OUT THE JUNGLE--VIA THE OLDEST METHOD OF COMMUNICATION KNOWN TO MAN...
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!

TWO GIANTS NOW ARE BATTLING IN BORA-BURU REGION!!
WE MUST SEND WARRIORS TO WITNESS SUCH A SIGHT!
TRULY THE GODS MUST BE WRATHFUL! WE ARE DOOMED!

FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE SEETHING DARK CONTINENT THEY COME --INCREDULOUS TRIBESMEN, TO WITNESS THE WONDER OF THE AGES!

WHILE, ON THE CRAG ABOVE, THE BATTLE OF TITANS CONTINUES...

THOUGH YOU HAVE MIRACULOUSLY GROWN TO MY SIZE, YOU HAVE ALSO GROWN WEAK! SEE HOW YOU TOTTER--!!
HE'S RIGHT!! EVERY-THING'S SPINNING AROUND--

BAH! YOU FELL BY YOURSELF! YOU ARE FINISHED!

I'VE GOT TO SHRINK DOWN AGAIN--BACK TO MY NORMAL GIANT-MAN HEIGHT!
IF I REMAIN THIS SIZE, I'M HELPLESS! I MUST NEVER GROW TALLER THAN TWELVE FEET AGAIN!

"IT'S LIKE A SCULPTOR ROLLING THE CLAY FIGURE OF A MAN BETWEEN HIS HANDS UNTIL IT GROWS LONGER AND LONGER! BUT, THE LONGER IT GROWS, THE WEAKER IT BECOMES, UNTIL IT FINALLY SNAPS!"

REALIZING THAT EVERY SECOND IS VITAL, GIANT-MAN QUICKLY RELAYS A MENTAL COMMAND TO THE WAITING WASP--VIA HIS CYBERNETIC THOUGHT PROJECTOR!
I READ YOU LOUD AND CLEAR, BLUE EYES! HERE I GO--!

LUCKY FOR ME THAT COLOSSUS IS SO BIG! TO HIM, I'M NO MORE WORTHY OF NOTICE THAN A FLYING GNAT!

ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS TICKLE HIS EAR LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM DROP THAT TREE HE'S HOLDING!

THAT'S IT! OKAY, BIG BUDDY--IT'S ALL UP TO YOU NOW!
THERE! I'VE RETURNED TO MY FIGHTING TWELVE-FOOT SIZE! SO IT'S NOW--OR NEVER!

IF YOU COULDN'T FIGHT ME WHEN YOU WERE THIRTY-FEET TALL, WHAT CAN YOU DO NOW??
JUST WAIT AND SEE, HIGH POCKETS!! HAVE YOU GOT A SURPRISE COMING!!

OOOFFF!!
I WEAR OUT MORE PAIRS OF BOOTS THIS WAY-- BUT I GUESS IT'S WORTH IT!

HANK! HANK OL' BOY, TAKE IT EASY! DON'T FORGET COLOSSUS HAS A PRETTY LITTLE PASSENGER!
SORRY, JAN! YOU'D BETTER SHOVE OFF NOW! THE PARTY'S LIABLE TO BECOME KINDA ROUGH!

OKAY! I'LL--OHH! I FORGOT!! I CAN'T FLY IN THIS ATMOSPHERE! I'M FALLING!
AM I GOING MAD?? I KEEP HEARING STRANGE VOICES IN MY HEAD!!

I'VE GOT TO REACH HER IN TIME! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO JAN, THEN NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!
THERE, HONEY! YOU'RE SAFE!
BUT YOU'RE NOT, HANK! LOOK OUT! COLOSSUS IS CHARGING RIGHT AT YOU!

HAH!! SO IT IS COLOSSUS WHO WINS, AFTER ALL!! YOU PUT UP A VALIANT FIGHT, MASKED MAN-- BUT IT HAD TO END LIKE THIS!

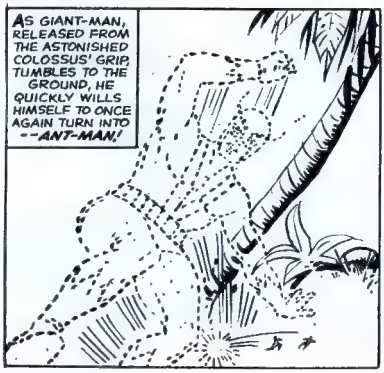
HANK--IF--IF THIS IS IT... REMEMBER --I LOVE YOU! I'VE ALWAYS--
JAN! WAIT, DARLING! LOOK! HE'S NOT TRYING TO THROW US OVER THE PRECIPICE! DON'T STRUGGLE YET--

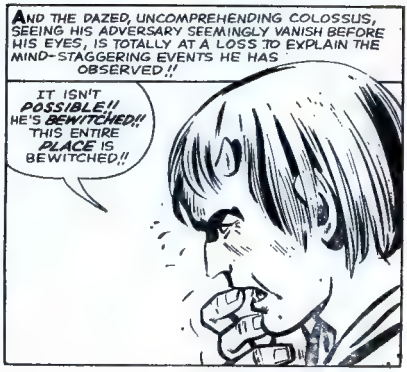
HE'S APPROACHING THAT GIANT MUSHROOM! OR--IS IT A GIANT MUSHROOM???
WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT, HANK?

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN! LISTEN--WHEN I AIM MY FIST AT HIS CHEST--FIRE ANOTHER AIR BLAST--FULL INTENSITY!
WILL DO, BOSS-MAN! MY WASP'S STING SHOULD BE FULLY RECHARGED BY NOW!

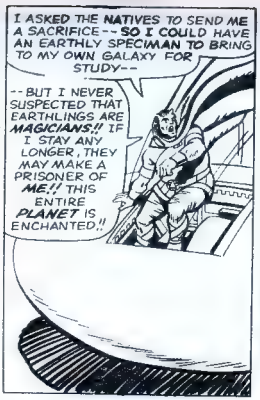
NOW, JAN!! NOW!!!

PERFECT!! HE DIDN'T EXPECT IT--IT CAUGHT HIM OFF-BALANCE! AND NOW, BEFORE HE CAN GATHER HIS WITS--


AS GIANT-MAN, RELEASED FROM THE ASTONISHED COLOSSUS' GRIP, TUMBLES TO THE GROUND, HE QUICKLY WILLS HIMSELF TO ONCE AGAIN TURN INTO --ANT-MAN!


AND THE DAZED, UNCOMPREHENDING COLOSSUS, SEEING HIS ADVERSARY SEEMINGLY VANISH BEFORE HIS EYES, IS TOTALLY AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THE MIND-STAGGERING EVENTS HE HAS OBSERVED!!
IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!! HE'S BEWITCHED!! THIS ENTIRE PLACE IS BEWITCHED!!

I'VE GOT TO FLEE! I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE BEFORE I TOO FALL UNDER SOME MYSTIC SPELL!!!


I ASKED THE NATIVES TO SEND ME A SACRIFICE--SO I COULD HAVE AN EARTHLY SPECIMAN TO BRING TO MY OWN GALAXY FOR STUDY--
--BUT I NEVER SUSPECTED THAT EARTHLINGS ARE MAGICIANS!! IF I STAY ANY LONGER, THEY MAY MAKE A PRISONER OF ME!! THIS ENTIRE PLANET IS ENCHANTED!!

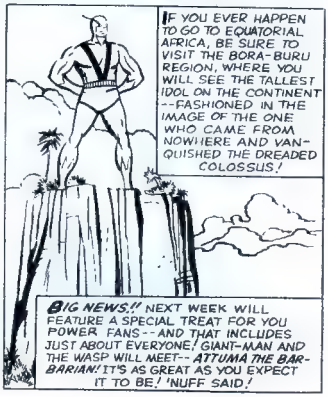
MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT, JAN! IT WASN'T A GIANT MUSHROOM--IT WAS SOME SORT OF SPACE CRAFT, FROM ANOTHER GALAXY!
GOSH! IT LOOKS LIKE THE GRANDDADDY OF ALL FLYING SAUCERS!

AGENT 7M CALLING VEGA SUPERIOR! REMOVE PLANET EARTH FROM LIST OF PRIMITIVE WORLDS! NEW EVIDENCE INDICATES EARTHLINGS ARE SUPERIOR TO US!

EARTH CREATURES CAN CHANGE SIZE--AND VANISH COMPLETELY, AT WILL! ALSO HAVE POWER TO KNOCK A FOE OFF HIS FEET MERELY BY POINTING AT HIM! MUST BE CONSIDERED TOO DANGEROUS TO VISIT AGAIN! THAT IS ALL!

I GUESS THAT WRAPS IT UP, JAN! MIGHT AS WELL START DESCENDING THE WAY WE ARRIVED!
RIGHT, HANK! AND--WHAT I SAID TO YOU BEFORE--WHEN I THOUGHT WE WERE FINISHED--I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK--
FORGET IT! PEOPLE SAY THINGS THEY DON'T MEAN IN MOMENTS OF STRESS! I UNDERSTAND!

A SHORT TIME LATER--
THE BIG LUNK! I WAS TRYING TO TELL HIM I DID MEAN IT! HOW AM I EVER GOING TO CONVINCE HIM HOW I FEEL??


IF YOU EVER HAPPEN TO GO TO EQUATORIAL AFRICA, BE SURE TO VISIT THE BORA-BURU REGION, WHERE YOU WILL SEE THE TALLEST IDOL ON THE CONTINENT--FASHIONED IN THE IMAGE OF THE ONE WHO CAME FROM NOWHERE AND VANQUISHED THE DREADED COLOSSUS!
BIG NEWS!! NEXT WEEK WILL FEATURE A SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU POWER FANS--AND THAT INCLUDES JUST ABOUT EVERYONE! GIANT-MAN AND THE WASP WILL MEET--ATTUMA THE BARBARIAN! IT'S AS GREAT AS YOU EXPECT IT TO BE! 'NUFF SAID!

# TERRIFIC NEWS!

**SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:— *TERRIFIC* 64, LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.2**

Dear Alf and Bart,
A thought has been puzzling me for a very long time, so I am writing up, hoping you will publish this letter—along with the answer. Why on earth do you sell the most terrific comic out (namely TERRIFIC) for only ninepence! Don't you think it's worth much more? With all the super stories like Doctor Strange, The Mighty Avengers, and all the others, you would think that this fabulous POWER comic would be sold for much more than ninepence.
Philip Taylor,
Lancashire.

*We're just big hearted, Philip.*
*Alf and Bart.*

Dear Alf and Bart,
Nearly all the letters printed in your letter columns praise your comics. It's time we had a change. I'M GONNA COMPLAIN and the complaints are. 1. Your magazines come out too fast. I think all of your readers must be the sons of tycoons or millionaires etc. But what about those readers who are just average Joes? (like me for instance)? Being a reader of both Terrific and Fantastic I find it very difficult to buy both of them. I spend 1.10 (or 1s 6d) every week—just imagine! I tried cutting out Fantastic but it was impossible. At the rate your comics are coming out I'll be broke in no time! Please make them monthlies. *Please* do something about it, huh! Besides you'll be catching up with Marvel in no time. 2. Your comics are quite dull, I don't mean there's not enough action, (there is heaps), but I mean the absence of colour. Why don't you print your mags with colours? Thataway they'll be better. 3. I hate the way you treat Spiderman. You put him in the wrong mag! I like him but I never buy Pow because three quarters of it is *rubbish*—I mean the *funnies!!* Who reads funnies anyway? I suggest or rather I *demand* that you put them into a new mag. I bet the new mag will be just as popular as Terrific or Fantastic, if not more so. 4. Have you heard a guy exclaiming or shouting all the time? By this I mean the stupid exclamation marks, Hmmm! What shall I do today! I know! I'll bake a cake!! When the guy's angry, it's O.K. but not every time.
Cheng Toon Foo,
Singapore.

*SHEES!!!*
*Alf and Bart.*

Dear Alf and Bart,
I plead that you will print zis letter, (I will be a bit on ze mad side if you do not print it). Did you know that you had these words in Terrific No. 22: *Thoom! Krack! Thboom! Throp! Slurch!* and *Thwup!!*
Also in *Terrific* No. 22 a man called a Leopard a panther, is this one of your boobs? PS. How old are you three up in the garret. P.PS. Goodbye!
Martin Griffiths,
North Harrow, Middlesex.

*Yes, Mart, we knew we had* Thoom! Krack! Thboom! Throp! Slurch! *and* Thwup! *in Terrific 22. Because it was us that put them there — right? You've never been so* wrong *about that jungle cat — it* was *a panther . . . there just aren't any leopards in the steaming jungles of the Amazon. And just before you write telling us that Panthers are black and don't have spots . . . you're* wrong *again — a lot of them* do *have spots! As for the Frantic question of our* ages *—that's a secret!*

*Teenaged*
*Alf and Boy Bart!*

Dear Alf and Bart,
Here are a couple of hilarious jokes to keep you going. *SON: Hey, Dad here's a golf ball for you. FATHER: Where did you get it son? SON: It's a lost ball. FATHER: Are you sure? SON: Yes, those men down there are still looking for it!*
And now stand by for joke two . . . *BOY: Oh, Captain! CAPTAIN: Yes lad? BOY: Do ships like this sink often? CAPTAIN: No, only once!*
From fun-lovin',
Peter Diggin,
London, W.5.
PS. Wait!!—I haven't finished yet. Pick yourselves off the floor, pin back your ears . . . and: *MAN: Waiter! This food is terrible! I demand to see the manager! WAITER: You can't, sir, He's out at lunch!*

*Don't ring us, Pete, we'll ring you!*
*Alf and Bart.*

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆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PLEASE SEND ME THE FREE GREAT BRITAIN PACKET AND APPROVALS. I ENCLOSE 4d. POSTAGE.

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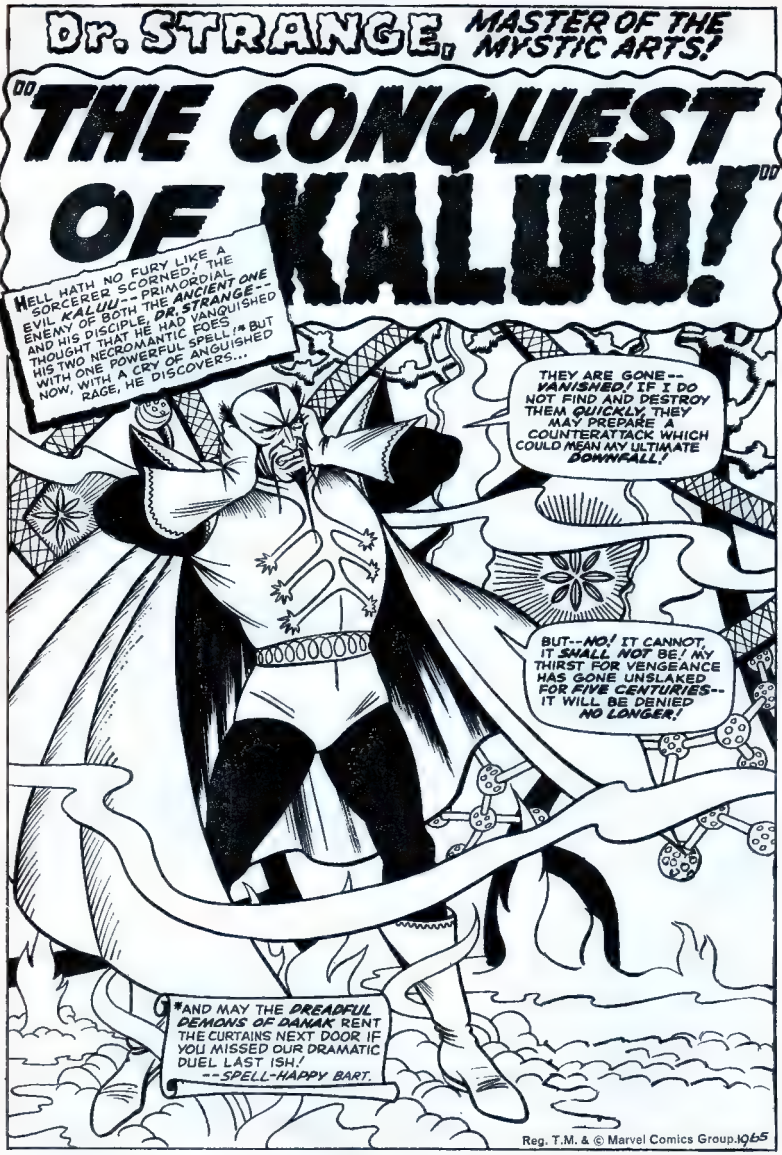
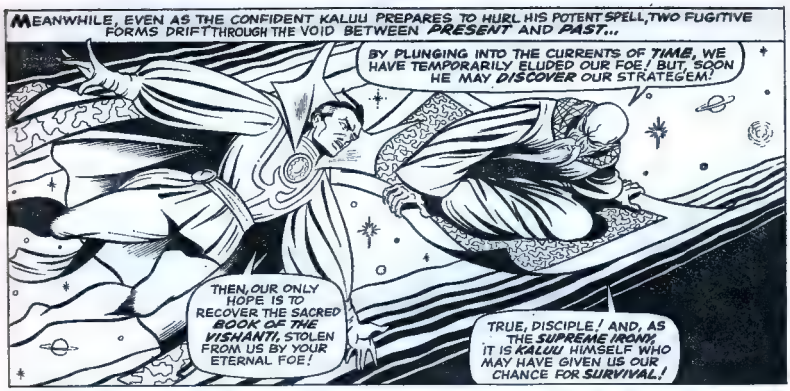
# Dr. STRANGE, MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!

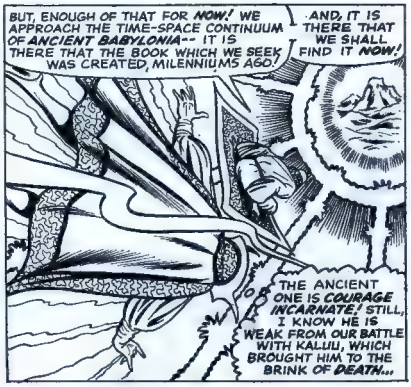



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.1965

THEN, IN THE GRIP OF A MONUMENTAL FRENZY, THE THWARTED WIZARD STORMS THROUGH THE WRECKED SANCTUM SANCTORUM OF DR. STRANGE...
THE FOOLS MAY HAVE ESCAPED PHYSICALLY-- BUT I CAN FEEL THEY ARE STILL IN SPIRITUAL CONTACT WITH THIS VERY ROOM!
BUT, HOW CAN THEY BE? IF I CAN FATHOM THAT, I SHALL KNOW HOW TO DESTROY THEM!
AND SUDDENLY, AS IF WARNED BY SOME INEXPLICABLE PSYCHIC SENSE, KALUU WHIRLS...
THOSE BRIGHTLY-GLOWING CANDLES! I DO NOT RECALL THEIR BEING LIGHTED WHEN FIRST I ENTERED THIS CHAMBER!
COULD IT BE THAT THEY ARE, IN SOME WAY, LINKED TO THE ANCIENT ONE AND HIS ACCURSED PROTÉGÉ?
OF COURSE! THAT IS THE ANSWER I HAVE BEEN SEEKING!
FOR, IT IS WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF THE VISHANTI THAT A BURNING CANDLE MAY LIGHT A SKILLED SORCERER'S WAY... INTO THE PAST!
IF THAT BE SO, THEN MY TWO VANISHED FOES ARE DOOMED! I HAVE BUT TO EXTINGUISH THESE FLIMSY CANDLES....!
WHAT? THEY RESIST MY EFFORTS TO BLOW THEM OUT!
WHOOSH!
THEN, BY THE VENOMOUS VIPERS OF VALTORR, I SHALL STRIKE THEM OUT WITH MY OWN HAND!
BUT--AGAIN I FAIL! SOME UNSEEN MYSTIC BARRIER SHIELDS THEM FROM MY PHYSICAL ATTACK!
THAT IS THE FINAL PROOF! IT IS THE CANDLES--AND THEY ALONE--WHICH FORM MY ENEMIES' SOLE LINK WITH EXISTENCE!
MY TASK, THEN, IS A SIMPLE ONE! EVEN THE ANCIENT ONE'S MAGIC SHIELD WILL NOT BE SUFFICIENT TO RESIST A SPELL WHICH I LEARNED DURING MY LONG EXILE IN THE DIMENSION OF RAGGADORR!
AND, WHEN THE SHIELD FALLS--THE CANDLES DIM--THEN THE ANCIENT ONE AND DR. STRANGE SHALL EXIST... NO MORE!


MEANWHILE, EVEN AS THE CONFIDENT KALUU PREPARES TO HURL HIS POTENT SPELL, TWO FUGITIVE FORMS DRIFT THROUGH THE VOID BETWEEN PRESENT AND PAST...
BY PLUNGING INTO THE CURRENTS OF TIME, WE HAVE TEMPORARILY ELUDED OUR FOE! BUT, SOON HE MAY DISCOVER OUR STRATEGEM!
THEN, OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO RECOVER THE SACRED BOOK OF THE VISHANTI, STOLEN FROM US BY YOUR ETERNAL FOE!
TRUE, DISCIPLE! AND, AS THE SUPREME IRONY, IT IS KALUU HIMSELF WHO MAY HAVE GIVEN US OUR CHANCE FOR SURVIVAL!

FOR, IF HE HAD KEPT THE SACRED TOME, WHICH CONTAINS ALL SPELLS OF DEFENCIVE MAGIC, OUR CAUSE WOULD BE HOPELESS!
INSTEAD, MY PSYCHIC INSIGHT TELLS ME THAT HE HURLED IT BACK IN TIME--TO THE DAY AND PLACE OF ITS ORIGIN! KNOWING THIS, WE MAY YET DEFEAT HIM!
YES--FOR, NOT EVEN KALUU KNOWS THE MIGHTIEST USE OF THE BOOK OF THE VISHANTI!

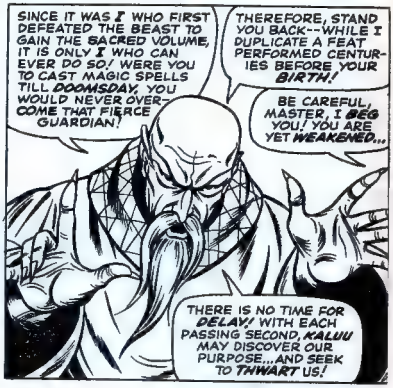

BUT, ENOUGH OF THAT FOR NOW! WE APPROACH THE TIME-SPACE CONTINUUM OF ANCIENT BABYLONIA-- IT IS THERE THAT THE BOOK WHICH WE SEEK WAS CREATED, MILENNIUMS AGO!
AND, IT IS THERE THAT WE SHALL FIND IT NOW!
THE ANCIENT ONE IS COURAGE INCARNATE! STILL, I KNOW HE IS WEAK FROM OUR BATTLE WITH KALUU, WHICH BROUGHT HIM TO THE BRINK OF DEATH...

AND, IF HE SHOULD DIE...THEN NOTHING COULD HALT KALUU! BUT--WAIT!
MASTER! THERE, ON THAT CRAGGY CLIFF, IS THE BOOK OF THE VISHANTI!-- AND BEHOLD-- LOOK WHO GUARDS IT!
IT IS THE SACRED GRIFFIN--THE BEAST APPOINTED BY THE PRIESTS OF THE BABYLONIAN GOD MARDUK TO STAND ETERNAL VIGIL OVER THE MYSTIC TEXT!
IT HAS EVER BEEN WRITTEN IN WORDS OF FLAME THAT HE WHO DEFEATS THAT FEARSOME SENTINEL ...IS THE DESTINED POSSESSOR OF THE BOOK!

ONCE BEFORE, MANY DECADES AGO, I RODE THE TIME-STREAM BACK TO THIS VERY MOMENT... TO WREST FROM THE GRIFFIN ITS GUARDED PRIZE!
BUT NOW, YOU ARE WEIGHTED DOWN WITH FATIGUE, VENERATED ONE!
LET ME DEAL WITH THIS CREATURE WHICH BARS OUR WAY!

THE NEXT INSTANT, TO THE SURPRISE OF THE MASTER MAGICIAN...
I HAVE HURLED MY MOST POTENT SPELL--YET THE GRIFFIN IS MERELY ENRAGED!

HOW CAN IT BE THAT THE SAME MYSTIC ENERGIES WHICH WON YOU THE BOOK NOW FAIL TO WORK FOR ME?
AH...I THINK I BEGIN TO COMPREHEND, MY SON!


SINCE IT WAS I WHO FIRST DEFEATED THE BEAST TO GAIN THE SACRED VOLUME, IT IS ONLY I WHO CAN EVER DO SO! WERE YOU TO CAST MAGIC SPELLS TILL DOOMSDAY, YOU WOULD NEVER OVERCOME THAT FIERCE GUARDIAN!
THEREFORE, STAND YOU BACK--WHILE I DUPLICATE A FEAT PERFORMED CENTURIES BEFORE YOUR BIRTH!
BE CAREFUL, MASTER, I BEG YOU! YOU ARE YET WEAKENED...
THERE IS NO TIME FOR DELAY! WITH EACH PASSING SECOND, KALUU MAY DISCOVER OUR PURPOSE...AND SEEK TO THWART US!

THEN, AS DR. STRANGE'S AGED MENTOR MAKES A MYSTERIOUS GESTURE...
BY THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK, BY THE SHADOWY SHADES OF THE SERAPHIM, I COMMAND THEE... BEGONE!!
YOUR PREMONITION WAS CORRECT, MASTER! THE AWESOME BEAST FADES FROM VIEW!

YES, FAITHFUL ONE! I BANISHED IT TO A PLACE *BEYOND TIME*--JUST AS I DID MANY YEARS AGO!

AND, WITH THE DREAD GUARDIAN THUS DEFEATED, THE WAY LIES OPEN TO THE OMNIPOTENT *BOOK OF THE VISHANTI!*

EVEN NOW, THE *DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY* TO THE BOOK OPENS BEFORE OUR EYES!

THEN, AS A GLOWING GLOBE OF ENCHANTED LIGHT GROWS EVER LARGER, THE TWO SORCERERS PLUMMET INTO IT...

MASTER, WHAT IF THE EVIL KALUU HAS SOMEHOW *LEARNED* THE ONE MOST GUARDED *SECRET* OF THE SACRED BOOK?

THAT *CANNOT* BE, DISCIPLE, FOR IT IS THE SOLE MAGICAL DEFENCE NOT *WRITTEN* ON ITS HALLOWED PAGES!

EVEN *I* LEARNED OF IT ONLY BY *CHANCE*, AFTER COUNTLESS YEARS OF PORING OVER THE TEXT!

SUDDENLY, AS THE ANCIENT ONE AND HIS DARING DISCIPLE APPROACH THE CENTRE OF THE GLEAMING ORB, THEY BEHOLD...

*THE BOOK OF THE VISHANTI!* THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH BE PRAISED!

NOW LET KALUU STEEL HIMSELF ...FOR WE SHALL SHAKE HIM, OR ENDURE THE *WORST!**

*A SPECIAL NO-PRIZE TO THE FIRST MERRY MARCHER WHO RECOGNIZES *THAT* PSEUDO-SHAKESPEARIAN GEM!--ALF.

BUT, TIME GROWS *SHORT*... FOR, I SENSE THAT, EVEN AS I SPEAK, OUR RUTHLESS FOE PREPARES TO HURL A MIGHTY SPELL AT THE *CANDLES* WHICH FORM OUR SOLE CONTACT WITH THE EARTH-DIMENSION!

RETURN TO YOUR DWELLING-PLACE AT *ONCE*, DR. STRANGE, FOR THE FINAL ENCOUNTER WITH *KALUU!*

IT SHALL BE AS YOU HAVE COMMANDED, VENERATED ONE! BUT, WHAT OF *YOURSELF?* ARE YOU STRONG ENOUGH TO TRAVEL THE DIMENSIONAL CORRIDORS?

THE MERE PRESENCE OF THE CONSECRATED VOLUME OF THE *VISHANTI* HAS HEARTENED ME, HONOURED DISCIPLE! BUT, IT IS BEST THAT YOU RESOLVE THE STRUGGLE WITH KALUU *WITHOUT* ME!

FOR, ONE DAY, YOU WILL FACE THE MYSTIC HORDES OF EVIL *ALONE* ...AND FOR THAT TIME YOU MUST EVER *PREPARE!*

AND NOW, I RETURN TO MY SANCTUM IN *TIBET*, THERE TO WAIT IN SILENT, WATCHFUL CONTEMPLATION FOR THE OUTCOME OF THE APPROACHING BATTLE!

I SHALL DO MY BEST TO BE WORTHY OF YOUR *TRUST*, SIRE!

KALUU MUST BE *HALTED*... BEFORE HE BENDS THE ENTIRE WORLD, EVEN THE *UNIVERSE* ITSELF, TO HIS CORRUPT WILL!

THE DECISION TO RETURN TO THE PRESENT IS MADE NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON... FOR, AT THAT SELFSAME INSTANT, IN THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY DOMICILE OF DR. STRANGE...

AND NOW, MY MYSTIC BOLT SHALL SNUFF OUT THE LIVES OF THOSE ACCURSED CANDLES... AND OF MY ELUSIVE FOES, AS WELL!

IN THE NAME OF SATANNISH THE SUPREME, I COMMAND YON FLICKERING FLAMES... TO DIE!

BUT INSTEAD, TO KALUU'S AMAZEMENT...

FSSHHH

THE CANDLES ...ARE NOT EXTINGUISHED!

INDEED, ONE FLARES UP... AS IF TO ENGULF THIS VERY CHAMBER! WHAT SORCERY IS THIS?

THE NEXT SECOND, AMIDST CASCADING TONGUES OF CRIMSON FIRE, A FIGURE OF REGAL BEARING SUDDENLY APPEARS...

THE POWERS WHICH YOU LEARNED DURING YOUR YEARS OF EXILE HAVE MADE YOU OVER-BOLD, KALUU... TO SEEK TO QUENCH THE UNFALTERING FLAMES OF THE FALTINE!

DR. STRANGE! YOU DARE TO RETURN?

THE NEED FOR FLIGHT IS PAST, BRAZEN ONE! NOW MUST BE THE TIME OF THE FINAL RECKONING! PREPARE FOR BATTLE!

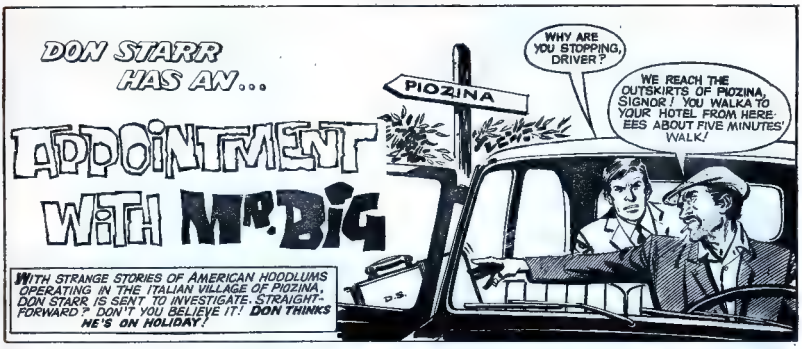
HE HOLDS THE SACRED BOOK OF THE VISHANTI! I WAS A FOOL NOT TO REALIZE THAT IT WAS THE OBJECT OF THEIR QUEST IN TIME!

BUT, HAVING FATHOMED ALL THE SECRETS WRITTEN IN ITS HALLOWED PAGES, I CAN HURL A SPELL FOR WHICH EVEN THEY REVEAL NO DEFENCE!

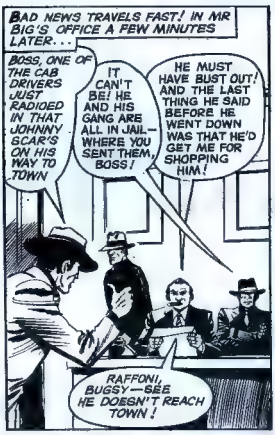
YOU HAVE RETURNED TO MEET YOUR DOOM, DR. STRANGE!

AND, AFTER YOU FALL, I SHALL SEEK OUT THE ANCIENT ONE-- TO FULFILL MY REVENGE!

AND NOW, BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES, WE VANISH! KEEP YOUR AMULETS SHINING TILL NEXT WEEK...


DON STARR HAS AN...
APPOINTMENT WITH MR. BIG
WITH STRANGE STORIES OF AMERICAN HOODLUMS OPERATING IN THE ITALIAN VILLAGE OF PIOZINA, DON STARR IS SENT TO INVESTIGATE. STRAIGHT-FORWARD? DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT! DON THINKS HE'S ON HOLIDAY!
PIOZINA
WHY ARE YOU STOPPING, DRIVER?
WE REACH THE OUTSKIRTS OF PIOZINA, SIGNOR! YOU WALKA TO YOUR HOTEL FROM HERE: EES ABOUT FIVE MINUTES' WALK!

DON GETS OUT—BUT NOT TO WALK... LOOK, BUSTER, WHEN I HIRE A CAR TO TAKE ME TO PIOZINA THEN TO PIOZINA I GO—OR MY NAME'S NOT DON STARR!
MEESTER SCAR! I AM SORRY, MEESTER SCAR! WHATEVER YOU SAY, MEESTER SCAR!

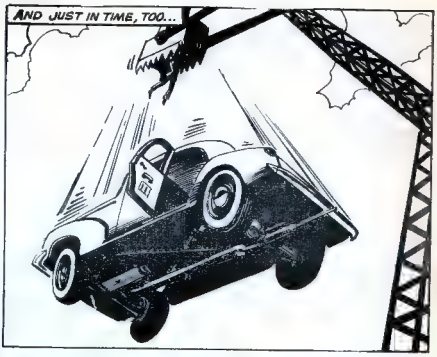

BAD NEWS TRAVELS FAST! IN MR BIG'S OFFICE A FEW MINUTES LATER...
BOSS, ONE OF THE CAB DRIVERS JUST RADIOED IN THAT JOHNNY SCAR'S ON HIS WAY TO TOWN
IT CAN'T BE! HE AND HIS GANG ARE ALL IN JAIL—WHERE YOU SENT THEM, BOSS!
HE MUST HAVE BUST OUT! AND THE LAST THING HE SAID BEFORE HE WENT DOWN WAS THAT HE'D GET ME FOR SHOPPING HIM!
RAFFONI, BUGSY—SEE HE DOESN'T REACH TOWN!

THE RADIO HUMS AGAIN. AND SO...
NOW WHY HAVE WE STOPPED? DON'T TELL ME THIS IS MY HOTEL!
ER... SORRY, MEESTER SCAR...WE MUSTA GETTA PETROL!

I DON'T SEE ANY PETROL PUMP...HEY, WHAT GIVES...!

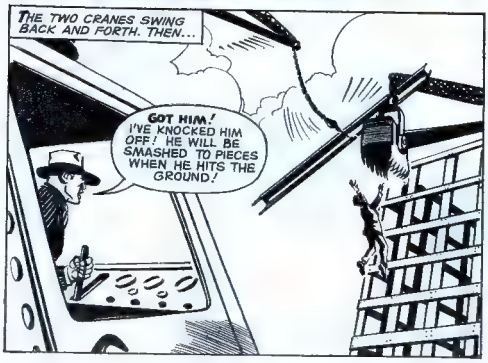
PROBABLY A LOCAL CUSTOM TO WELCOME HOLIDAY-MAKERS! OR PERHAPS THIS CAR FAILED ITS FIVE-YEAR M.O.T. TEST!

BUT WHATEVER IT IS I'M SUDDENLY FEELING CAR SICK! TIME I GOT OUT!


AND JUST IN TIME, TOO...

HE'S HANGING ONTO THE GRAB... I CAN'T SHAKE HIM OFF! WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING BEFORE HE STARTS SHOOTING AT US!
KEEP WHIRLING HIM AROUND! I'LL GET THE OTHER CRANE AND KNOCK HIM OFF WITH A GIRDER!

AND SO BEGINS A GAME OF CONKERS — WITH DON AS A CONKER...
SOONER OR LATER THAT GIRDER'S GOING TO HIT ME AND WHEN IT DOES...

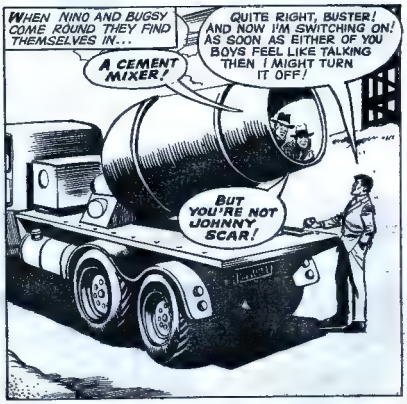

THE TWO CRANES SWING BACK AND FORTH. THEN...
GOT HIM! I'VE KNOCKED HIM OFF! HE WILL BE SMASHED TO PIECES WHEN HE HITS THE GROUND!

BUT DON HAS NO INTENTION OF BEING SMASHED TO PIECES...
I HAD TO DELAY DROPPING FROM THE GRAB LONG ENOUGH FOR THE CRANES TO SWING DIRECTLY OVER THIS...

... PILE OF SAND!

I DON'T SEE HIS BODY, NINO!
WHAT DOES IT MATTER, BUGSY! SCAR'S DEAD— AND NOW MR BIG WILL OVERLOOK MY MISTAKE IN THE BARBER'S SHOP!

THAT IS RAFFONI'S SECOND MISTAKE...
SORRY TO DROP IN LIKE THIS, BOYS — BUT I LEFT MY VISITING CARD BEHIND!


WHEN NINO AND BUGSY COME ROUND THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN...
A CEMENT MIXER!
QUITE RIGHT, BUSTER! AND NOW I'M SWITCHING ON! AS SOON AS EITHER OF YOU BOYS FEEL LIKE TALKING THEN I MIGHT TURN IT OFF!
BUT YOU'RE NOT JOHNNY SCAR!

I KNOW WHO I AM! I WANT TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE — AND WHY YOU HIJACKED ME!
STOP! STOP! WE'LL TALK! SWITCH THIS THING OFF!

AND SO MR BIG GETS A VISITOR...
THESE TWO BOYS TELL ME THEY BELONG TO YOU! SO GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T TAKE YOU APART FOR SETTING THEM ON ME!

IS THIS GOOD ENOUGH REASON?
IT SEEMS PRETTY GOOD TO US— BUT SEE WHAT STARR THINKS... NEXT WEEK!

# news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

PITY US! NOTHING BUT NOTHING seems to come easy in the publishing biz (except *headaches*, that is!). Not even a simple matter like MAKING A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION! Not *keeping* a resolution, mark you—that *could* be difficult—but *making* one! Nobody, surely, has trouble doing that! Except *us*, it seems.

Just like normal folks at this time of year we got around to thinking about what to give up or what to start doing in the coming year. And that's as far as we got.

You see, like this! Us garreteers, being the nice fellers that we are, have *already*, way back, decided to be cheerful, helpful to our fellow man, cut out fibbing and all other shortcomings we could think of, and so on.

And we've STUCK to 'em.

So we needed to pick on something else to resolve! Fine! Okay . . . but *what? Give up wasting time?* Believe us, we don't have any spare time to *waste! Work harder?* Try putting that one to a hollow-eyed, permanently over-toiled team of garret-slaves!! *Stop knocking Brand X publications?* But we DON'T, do we? (Well, hardly ever!)

See what we mean? Straight away we've got problems. So pooling the finest intellects we have available we at last came up with a desperate answer. We decided to make a JOINT resolution! IN 1968 WE HAVE DECIDED TO KEEP DOING WHAT WE ARE DOING BETTER THAN WE'VE BEEN DOING!! How's that for a stroke of genius?!!

And now here's a special Resolution . . . dreamed up by US for YOU! So face front, tigers, put your hands on your hearts, and say these wise, wise words aloud . . . IN 1968 I (name here, please) SOLEMNLY SWEAR *TO KEEP ON READING POWER!!*

## MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

*Fred Kernaghan, Belfast, N. Ireland; Barry Barnes, Reading, Berks; Tony Lewis, Dolgarrog, N. Wales; Neil Armstrong, Hull, Yorkshire; J. MacGrath, Coventry, Warwickshire; William Penman, Coatbridge, Scotland; Mervyn Sanders, King's Lynn, Norfolk, Martin Laroy, Ealing, London; David Rumsey, Malvern, Worcs.; Stephen Hollins, Stoke-on-Trent; Garry Forsyth, Northbridge, Australia; Alex Reed, Prudhoe, Northumberland; Steven Eyre, Salford; Mark Stubbings, Newhaven, Sussex, Marco Jakeway, Derby; Robert Murray, Anstruther, Fife; Kevin Williams, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex; Stephen Nottingham, Beaconsfield, Bucks; Timothy Llewellyn-Smith, Banstead, Surrey; Ronnie Collins, Stevenage, Herts.; Julian Birch, Wendover, Bucks.*

*• Still on the subject of HAPPY NEW YEARS we're BURSTING to tell you what's coming your way . . . in just two weeks' time! But because we believe you might have fun these long dull winter evenings PUZZLING OVER what it's all about . . . we're going to hold back our horses for a spell longer. We will give you just a leetle hint! . . . that it involves fabulous FREE GIFTS, plus the emergence of a great Power Pack DOUBLE ACT! Still wondering? Anyway, NEXT WEEK the big news will be bustin' out all over, in all the Power Papers! So hang on to your hats . . . and watch for our BOMBSHELL BULLETINS! . . . next week!*

# ODD SPORTS

## CHAMPION IN HOT WATER

When Serge Budeney became the hot-bath champion of Hungary he got himself into hot water with the police.

Ten competitors entered for the contest which was to decide who could stay in the natural hot springs which issue from the ground at Debrecca, near Budapest. One by one the competitors found things growing too hot for them until on the third day of the event only Serge remained.

Although Serge had won the championship, he decided to stay in the water for as long as he could to set a new record. The previous best was three and a half days.

At the beginning of the fifth day Serge was still on the boil, but hardly conscious. Such enormous crowds gathered to watch the performance that the police decided the contest of man versus hot water had gone on long enough.

Accordingly, Serge was ordered to come out of the bath. He refused, so the half-cooked Serge was forcibly removed.

He was so weak that an ambulance had to be called and he was rushed to hospital to cool off. When he came out two days later, he was promptly arrested and fined £10 for creating an obstruction and for disobeying a police order.

Serge was quite happy about it all: and well he might be as he had won over £50 in prize money.

## Cock of the walk

Cecil, a black Orpington rooster, became cock of the walk in Australia when he strutted and finally tottered to victory along 14 miles of a dusty Queensland road.

Some forty roosters of all breeds, shapes and sizes entered for the contest. Each bird was preceded by its owner who scattered behind him a trail of grain.

Most of the competitors dropped out before they had gone more than eight miles. After ten miles, only three competitors were left in the running; Cecil, a white leghorn called Percy, and a Rhode Island Red rejoicing in the Australian aboriginal name of Mulringa.

Mulringa gave up at the 12 mile post, leaving Cecil and Percy to walk it out. Just before the 13th mile Percy had had enough, and squatting down in the dust refused to take another step.

Tired and claw-sore, Cecil continued for another mile to become the winner by a respectable margin. His time was just short of five hours.

The champion had been in training for three months, doing a walk of six miles every morning until the last week when he walked 13. He had a special diet of bran mash, grain and meat extract.

## UP THE POLE

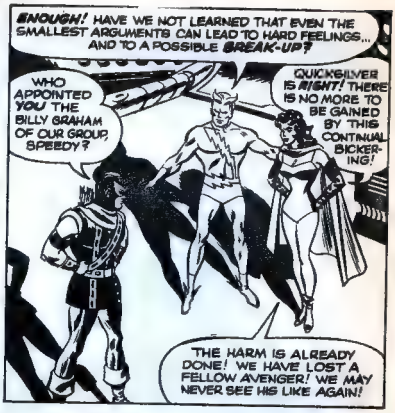
Elmer Reeves won the pole-squatting championship of Miami Beach, Florida, by perching for 30 days on a 36 ft. pole.

Ten expert pole-squatters started. Each had his own pole on top of which was fixed a tub-like barrel three feet high, and two feet in diameter. On the barrels were ropes and pulleys for sending food and drink up to the squatters. The barrels were linked to the ground by field telephones so that the contestants could talk to their families and backers.

By the 28th day Elmer's only rival was taken ill and Elmer then perched alone for two more days to become champion.

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!
"ONCE AN AVENGER..."
FEELING HE HAS FAILED AS LEADER, CAPTAIN AMERICA, LAST ISSUE, WALKED OUT ON THE AVENGERS! AND NOW THAT HE IS GONE, THE SQUABBLING BEGINS...
LOOK, DON'T BLAME ME! I DIDN'T TELL WINGHEAD TO TAKE A POWDER!
PERHAPS NOT IN SO MANY WORDS... BUT YOU CONSTANTLY MOCKED HIM AND CHALLENGED HIS LEADERSHIP!
NOW SEE WHAT YOUR TAUNTS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED!
HE MAY YET RETURN TO US! AFTER ALL, WHERE ELSE CAN HE GO?
SURE! HE'LL BE BACK! HE'S NOT THE TYPE TO TAKE A JOB SELLIN' APPLES!
ANOTHER MAJESTIC MILESTONE IN THIS, THE MAJESTIC AGE OF COMICS!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1965

THERE ARE MANY PLACES WHERE A MAN WITH THE SKILL AND DARING OF STEVE ROGERS WOULD BE MOST WELCOME!
SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOU'VE GOT A CRUSH ON OL' METHUSELAH, LADY!
EVEN IF I DO, HAWKEYE... THAT IS NO CONCERN OF YOURS!


ENOUGH! HAVE WE NOT LEARNED THAT EVEN THE SMALLEST ARGUMENTS CAN LEAD TO HARD FEELINGS... AND TO A POSSIBLE BREAK-UP?
WHO APPOINTED YOU THE BILLY GRAHAM OF OUR GROUP, SPEEDY?
QUICKSILVER IS RIGHT! THERE IS NO MORE TO BE GAINED BY THIS CONTINUAL BICKERING!
THE HARM IS ALREADY DONE! WE HAVE LOST A FELLOW AVENGER! WE MAY NEVER SEE HIS LIKE AGAIN!

HOW I MISS THE SIGHT OF HIM WORKING OUT IN OUR PRIVATE GYMNASIUM!
SO CONFIDENT... SO HANDSOME! TO ME, HE WAS EVERY INCH AN AVENGER!

MEANWHILE, IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO MAKE A NEW LIFE FOR HIMSELF, WE FIND THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN CAPTAIN AMERICA AT A TRAINING CAMP OUT OF TOWN...
SURE THE CHAMP CAN USE ANOTHER SPARRIN' PARTNER, MAC! IF YA FIND ANYONE, LET US KNOW!
I'M APPLYING FOR THE JOB MYSELF!
FORGET IT, FELLA! HE'D MAKE MINCE-MEAT OF YOU!

OKAY, CURLY... TAKE OVER! WE GOT THINGS TO DO, AN' WE DON'T NEED ANY PRETTY BOYS HANGIN' AROUND! NOW BLOW!
LOOK, IT WAS A LONG TRIP UP HERE, AND I'M NOT LEAVING WITHOUT A TRYOUT!
ZAT SO? MEBBE YA NEED A LITTLE PERSUADIN'!!

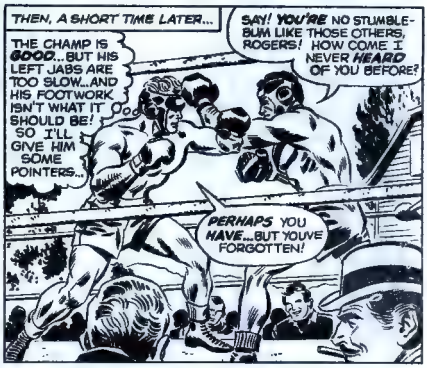
THIS'LL TEACH YA NOT TO...HEY! HOW'D I MISS AN EASY PUNCH LIKE THAT??
BECAUSE YOU TELEGRAPHED IT BY A MILE, YOU MUSCLE-BOUND APE!
NOW, TAKE A DEEP BREATH, TOUGH GUY!

BRAKK!
THIS IS 'CAUSE I'VE HAD A BELLYFUL OF LOUDMOUTHED BRAGGARTS!

AND THIS IS IN CASE YOU DIDN'T GET THE MESSAGE THE FIRST TIME!
WOMK!
HEY! HOLD IT! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

EXACTLY FIFTEEN SECONDS AND FOUR PUNCHES LATER...
YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME THAT I "CAN'T DO IT" SOONER, FELLAS!
YOU! WAIT UP! I SAW THE WHOLE THING! DON'T GO! I WANNA TALK TO YOU!

YOU'VE GOT STYLE... CLASS! YOU'RE JUST WHAT THE CHAMP NEEDS! YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A JOB, MISTER!
THAT SUITS ME FINE! MY NAME'S STEVE ROGERS!
I DON'T CARE IF THEY CALL YA CHUCKLES! YOU'RE MY KINDA FIGHTER, PAL!

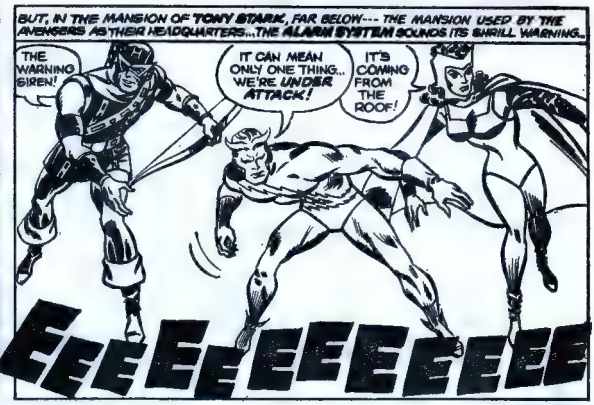

THEN, A SHORT TIME LATER...
THE CHAMP IS GOOD... BUT HIS LEFT JABS ARE TOO SLOW... AND HIS FOOTWORK ISN'T WHAT IT SHOULD BE! SO I'LL GIVE HIM SOME POINTERS...
SAY! YOU'RE NO STUMBLE-BUM LIKE THOSE OTHERS, ROGERS! HOW COME I NEVER HEARD OF YOU BEFORE?
PERHAPS YOU HAVE... BUT YOUVE FORGOTTEN!

THUMP!
MAYBE THIS IS WHAT I NEED... A CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING... TO FEEL USEFUL AGAIN!
WHISH!
AND PERHAPS, SOME DAY, I'LL EVEN FORGET... THE AVENGERS!

BUT LATER, WHEN DARKNESS FALLS OVER THE CAMP...
CAN'T SHUT MY EYES... I KEEP SEEING WANDA... HAWKEYE... AND THE OTHERS...
HOW LONG WILL I BE TORTURED BY MY MEMORIES? WILL I EVER BE ABLE TO FORGET?

BUT, ALONE IN HIS OPTI-VIEW LAB, IN A FAR DISTANT CENTURY, THE SCIENTIFIC SCOURGE KNOWN TO MANKIND AS KANG, THE CONQUEROR, SECRETLY MONITORS THE NOW-SEPARATED AVENGERS, AS A DEADLY PLAN OF REVENGE TAKES SHAPE IN HIS WARPED, EVIL BRAIN...
THOUGH CAPTAIN AMERICA POSSESSED NO SUPER-POWER, HIS WAS THE HAND THAT HELD THE AVENGERS TOGETHER... HIS WAS THE SPARK THAT LIT THEIR FLAME OF GLORY!
AND NOW THEY HAVE LOST HIM! POWERFUL, THOUGH THEY STILL MAY BE, WITHOUT HIS SPIRIT, HIS INSPIRATION, THEY ARE LIKE A SHIP WITHOUT A RUDDER!
IF EVER I AM TO STRIKE BACK...TO MAKE THEM PAY FOR THE HUMILIATING DEFEATS I HAVE SUFFERED AT THEIR HANDS IN THE PAST... THIS IS THE MOMENT!
THOUGH MY OWN CENTURY FEARS ME AS THE MOST RUTHLESS CONQUEROR OF ALL TIME, MY TRIUMPH IS A HOLLOW ONE SO LONG AS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ESCAPES MY TYRANNY!
BUT, WITH THEIR MIGHTIEST FIGHTING TEAM AT ITS LOWEST EBB, THE TIME HAS COME FOR KANG TO STRIKE!
MY PLAN IS INFALLIBLE MY POWER INVINCIBLE! LET THE AVENGERS BEWARE!
A SHORT TIME LATER, BACK IN THE 20TH CENTURY, A SPEEDY SQUADRON OF JET FIGHTERS COMBS THE SKIES OVER THE EASTERN COAST LOOKING FOR SIGNS OF A REPORTED UNIDENTIFIED FOREIGN OBJECT...
U.F.O. SIGHTED LAST IN THIS AREA...OVER!
I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING AT ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK...BUT IT'S GONE NOW... OVER!
I SAW IT TOO! THOUGHT IT WAS MY IMAGINATION!
LIKE A HUGE, FLAT SLAB OF STONE--TRAVELING TOO FAST TO BE IDENTIFIED!
AND, AS THE LAST JETS PASS UNSUSPECTINGLY OVERHEAD...
THEY'LL LAUGH US OFF THE BASE IF WE COME BACK WITH A SIGHTING LIKE THAT!
...NO ONE NOTICES A NEW TOP FLOOR WHICH DESCENDS UPON AVENGERS H.Q. FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW!

ACCORDING TO THE RADAR BLIPS, WE SHOULD BE RIGHT OVER IT... YET, THERE'S NOTHING!
I DON'T GET IT!


BUT, IN THE MANSION OF TONY STARK, FAR BELOW--- THE MANSION USED BY THE AVENGERS AS THEIR HEADQUARTERS...THE ALARM SYSTEM SOUNDS ITS SHRILL WARNING...
THE WARNING SIREN!
IT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING... WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
IT'S COMING FROM THE ROOF!
EEEEEEEEEEEEE

AVENGERS ASSEMBLE!
SOMEHOW THAT DOESN'T SOUND RIGHT...WITHOUT CAP HERE!
HAWKEYE! LOOK OUT!
THOK!

MUCH OBLIGED, SPEEDY! WHATEVER THAT BLAST WAS, IT CAME FROM INSIDE THIS DOOR!
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAIT-ING FOR, AVENGER?
LET'S GO!

NOW...
WHA...? THE ROOM'S EMPTY!

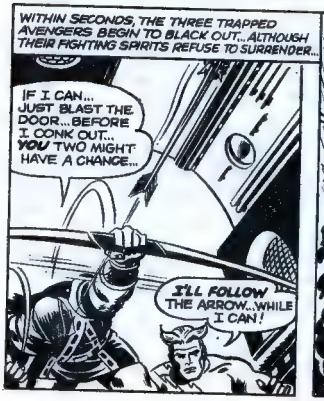
WHAT GIVES? IF THERE'S NO ONE HERE, THEN HOW...?
HAWKEYE! WANDA! I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS ROOM BEFORE! WHERE DID IT COME FROM?
YOU'RE RIGHT! THIS USED TO BE THE CORRIDOR TO THE ROOF!

AT THAT MOMENT, CENTURIES AWAY, A GLOVED HAND STRIKES A FATEFUL BUTTON...
THE TRAP IS SET!

INSTANTANEOUSLY, A BLINDING FLASH FILLS THE MYSTERIOUS CHAMBER, SETTING OFF A STAGGERING, STUNNING SERIES OF JOLTING THERMO-SHOCKS...
ZISSSST!
MY EYES! I...I CAN'T SEE! THE ROOM IS SPINNING! PIETRO! HAWKEYE! WHAT HAPPENED?
MAYBE STARK FORGOT TO PAY THE RENT, AND HIS LANDLORD'S GOT A NASTY TEMPER!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKING! WE ARE IN THE GRAVEST PERIL!

WHO'S JOKIN'? I WAS JUST WHISTLIN' IN THE DARK TILL I COULD FIRE OFF AN ARROW... LIKE THIS!
THIKK!
GOOD SHOT! YOU STRUCK THE MAIN COIL! THE SHOCKS HAVE CEASED!

WANDA! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?
GETTING HARD TO BREATHE... NO OXYGEN!
SHE'S RIGHT! I FEEL IT NOW, TOO! WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?
WE'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE...WHILE WE CAN!
I TRIED...BUT THE DOOR...IT'S LOCKED!

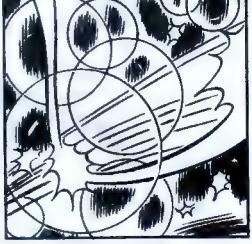

WITHIN SECONDS, THE THREE TRAPPED AVENGERS BEGIN TO BLACK OUT...ALTHOUGH THEIR FIGHTING SPIRITS REFUSE TO SURRENDER...
IF I CAN... JUST BLAST THE DOOR...BEFORE I CONK OUT... YOU TWO MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE...
I'LL FOLLOW THE ARROW...WHILE I CAN!

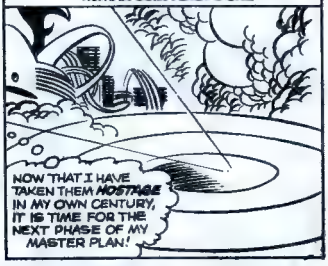
BUT, BEFORE THE SPEEDING SHAFT CAN FIND ITS TARGET...
THAT RAY...IT VA POUIRIZED IT!
SSSSSS

THUD!
PASSING OUT... BUT, CAN'T GIVE UP...ONLY ONE CHANCE...IF I HIT DOOR...AT SUPER SPEED...PERHAPS... UNHHHH!
IT'S HOPELESS! IF...IF ONLY... CAP WERE... HERE!

SLOWLY, THE THREE VALIANT FIGURES SINK TO THE FLOOR... AS A FOURTH FORM TAKES SHAPE UPON A SHIMMERING SCREEN...
HOW FORTUNATE FOR THEM THAT THEY DID NOT BREAK THE DOOR OPEN!
FOR, IT WOULD HAVE MEANT INSTANT DEATH TO ALL THREE OF THEM!
NOW THAT THEY ARE HELPLESS, I SHALL RESTORE THEIR OXYGEN! IT DOES NOT SUIT MY PLANS TO HAVE THEM PERISH SO SOON!

THEN, WHILE THE LIFE-GIVING AIR FILTERS BACK INTO THE ROOM, THE HUM OF KANG'S CONTROL PANEL GROWS EVER LOUDER...


FOR, IN TRUTH, WHAT SEEMED TO BE AN UNCANNY ROOM IS ACTUALLY A SELF-ACTIVATED TIME-TRAVEL SHIP...


SPANNING THE UNTHINKABLE VOID BETWEEN THE CENTURIES AT A SPEED WHICH DEFIES HUMAN COMPREHENSION...
NOW THAT I HAVE TAKEN THEM HOSTAGE IN MY OWN CENTURY, IT IS TIME FOR THE NEXT PHASE OF MY MASTER PLAN!

THUS, WE NOW FIND KANG AN UNWELCOMED VISITOR AT A ROYAL COURT...
I DEMAND AUDIENCE WITH YOU, PRINCESS RAVONNA!
YOU DARE ENTER THE PALACE WITHOUT LEAVE?
REQUEST DENIED!

SILENCE! YOU ARE MERELY PUPPET RULERS, AND YOU KNOW THAT FULL WELL! KANG IS THE POWER HERE... NOW, AND ALWAYS!
IF YOU INCUR MY DISPLEASURE, I MAY NOT PERMIT YOU TO ONE DAY RULE THE UNIVERSE AT MY SIDE, RAVONNA!
I'D RATHER DIE!
THAT TOO CAN BE ARRANGED! WITH KANG, ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE!

HAVE A CARE, MY CHILD! DO NOT INCUR HIS EVIL WRATH! YOU KNOW HOW LIMITLESS ARE HIS POWERS...AND HOW HELPLESS WE ARE AGAINST HIM!

IT MATTERS NOT, MY FATHER! NEVER WOULD I SHARE THE THRONE WITH A COMMOWER...NOT IF ALL THE MIGHT OF THE UNIVERSE WERE HIS!

MY LEGIONS ARE FEARED THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY! I HAVE LEFT A TRAIL OF VICTORIES...A STRING OF CONQUESTS WHICH SHALL ENDURE FOR AGES! AND YOU STILL CALL ME "COMMONER"!

YOU, WHOSE POSTAGE-STAMP KINGDOM COULD BE OVERWHELMED BY THE MEREST FRACTION OF MY INVINCIBLE ARMY!

YET, I, WHO HAVE CONQUERED WORLDS, ALLOW ONE HELPLESS FEMALE TO DEFY ME...BECAUSE SHE HAS CAPTURED MY HEART!

BUT, I WARN YOU, RAVONNA! MY PATIENCE IS NOT AS INEXHAUSTIBLE AS MY POWER!

MEANWHILE, AT A 20TH CENTURY TRAINING CAMP, WHERE A PORTABLE RADIO IS PLAYING...

BULLETIN! THE POLICE REPORT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE AVENGERS...

REACHING THE KEEN EARS OF STEVE ROGERS, THE UNEXPECTED NEWS ITEM SO SURPRISES HIM THAT HE TURNS HIS HEAD MOMENTARILY, LOWERING HIS DEFENCE! AND THEN...

I CAUGHT YOU NAPPIN' THAT TIME, ROGERS!

IT IS BELIEVED THEY HAVE MET WITH FOUL PLAY...

SHUT THAT BLASTED RADIO OFF, WILLIE!

THEY'RE IN TROUBLE! THEY MAY NEED ME!

S'MATTER, ROGERS? YOU YELLOW? I THOUGHT 'YA COULD TAKE IT!

I'VE GOT TO GO NOW! IT CAN'T BE HELPED!

NOT TILL I'M DONE WITH YOU! COME BACK 'N FIGHT!

WHOK

SORRY ABOUT THIS, MISTER... BUT NOTHING CAN HOLD ME...NOT WHEN THE AVENGERS ARE IN DANGER!

HEY! DIDJA SEE THAT?

HE FLOORED THE CHAMP... WITH ONE PUNCH!

BUT, WHAT OF OUR THREE CAPTIVE AVENGERS, IN THE FAR FUTURE? EVENTUALLY, THEY BEGIN TO AWAKEN, ONLY TO FIND...
WE'RE PRISONERS! TRAPPED IN SOME SORT OF OVERSIZED PICKLE JARS!
BUT WHERE IN THE BLAZES ARE WE?...AND WHO PUT US HERE?
WELL, WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S PRETTY SURE OF HIMSELF! DIDN'T EVEN TAKE MY BOW AWAY!

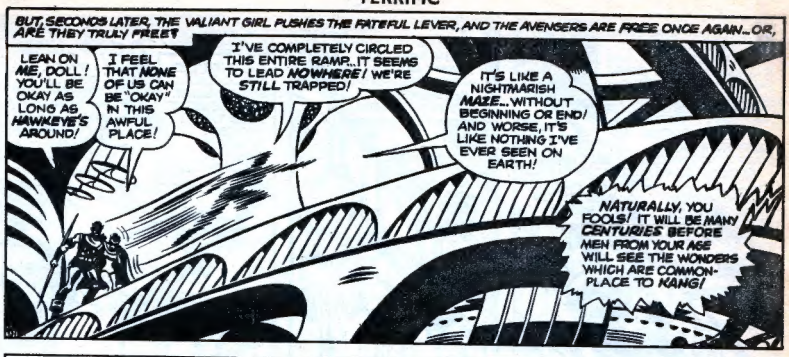
WITHIN SECONDS, THE TRIO REALIZES THEIR CAPTOR POSSESSES VAST, UNDREAMED-OF SCIENTIFIC POWERS...
LOOKS LIKE GLASS...BUT IT'S A HUNDRED TIMES STRONGER! EVEN MY BLAST ARROW COULDN'T SHATTER IT!

AND THEN, THE FRAIL-LOOKING BEAUTY, WHOM MANY CONSIDER TO BE THE WEAKEST AVENGER, MAKES A DECISION...
IT WILL DRAIN A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF MY HEX POWER, BUT WE MUST FREE OUR-SELVES!

NO MATTER WHAT THE EFFORT...I MUST CONCENTRATE ...CONCENTRATE!
...AND THEN...

BY THE TALENT WHICH LIVES IN THE HEART OF ME, I HEX THIS CAGE... LET ME BE FREE!
PAKK!

TOO MUCH STRAIN! ALMOST... BLACKING OUT...MUST HOLD ON...LONG ENOUGH...TO PRESS LEVER...AND... RELEASE OTHERS... MUST HOLD ON!
SHE'S DOING IT!
SLOWLY, SISTER... SLOWLY! YOU KNOW HOW VULNERABLE YOU ARE TILL YOUR HEX POWER CAN BUILD ITSELF UP AGAIN!


BUT, SECONDS LATER, THE VALIANT GIRL PUSHES THE FATEFUL LEVER, AND THE AVENGERS ARE FREE ONCE AGAIN...OR, ARE THEY TRULY FREE?
LEAN ON ME, DOLL! YOU'LL BE OKAY AS LONG AS HAWKEYE'S AROUND!
I FEEL THAT NONE OF US CAN BE "OKAY" IN THIS AWFUL PLACE!
I'VE COMPLETELY CIRCLED THIS ENTIRE RAMP...IT SEEMS TO LEAD NOWHERE! WE'RE STILL TRAPPED!
IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARISH MAZE...WITHOUT BEGINNING OR END! AND WORSE, IT'S LIKE NOTHING I'VE EVER SEEN ON EARTH!
NATURALLY, YOU FOOLS! IT WILL BE MANY CENTURIES BEFORE MEN FROM YOUR AGE WILL SEE THE WONDERS WHICH ARE COMMON-PLACE TO KANG!

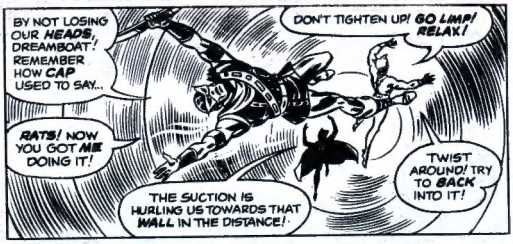
AND NOW, EITHER AGREE TO SERVE ME, AS ALL MANKIND SOMEDAY SHALL DO...OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!
WE SHOULD HAVE GUESSED! WE'RE IN THE FAR FUTURE!
PRISONERS OF KANG THE CONQUEROR!

EVEN NOW MY GUARDS ATTACK! YOU MUST YIELD! THERE IS NO ESCAPE! WHAT A TRIUMPH ...WHAT A MONUMENTAL VICTORY!
THE ONCE MIGHTY AVENGERS, FORCED TO TAKE ORDERS FROM THEIR ENEMY...KANG!
TOO MANY FOR US TO FIGHT!
BUT, WE'RE NOT GIVING UP!
AN AVENGER DOES NOT SURRENDER!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, GORGEOUS!
QUICK, EACH OF YOU GRAB A LINE...WE'LL SWING ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE!
TWANNG!

BUT, HOW DO WE KNOW WE'LL BE ANY SAFER OVER THERE?
WE DON'T, WANDA! BUT AT LEAST THE DECISION IS OURS...NOT KANG'S!
SPEEDY IS RIGHT, BABY! TO A FIGHTIN'MAN, ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN LETTIN' THE ENEMY PICK HIS SPOTS!
LET'S GO, KIDDIES! WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!
NOW THAT WE KNOW WHOM WE FACE, OUR CHANCES HAVE INCREASED A THOUSAND-FOLD!
AS CAP USED TO SAY...KNOWLEDGE IS POWER!
WHAT GIVES, SON? CAN'T ANY OF US MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT SOMEONE QUOTIN' FROM WING-HEAD? HE'S GONE...FORGET HIM!

BUT, BEFORE THEY CAN REACH THE OTHER SIDE, AN OVERPOWERING GUST OF COMPRESSED AIR CATCHES THEM IN AN IRRESISTIBLE SUCTION...
SOMETHING'S STOPPED US IN MID-AIR!
SURE, WITH KANG, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN! HE'S GOT SCIENTIFIC GIZMOS WE NEVER EVEN THOUGHT OF!
THEN, HOW CAN WE EVER BATTLE SUCH A FOE?


BY NOT LOSING OUR HEADS, DREAMBOAT! REMEMBER HOW CAP USED TO SAY...
DON'T TIGHTEN UP! GO LIMP! RELAX!
RATS! NOW YOU GOT ME DOING IT!
TWIST AROUND! TRY TO BACK INTO IT!
THE SUCTION IS HURLING US TOWARDS THAT WALL IN THE DISTANCE!

UNHHH! WE'RE IN LUCK! IT'S NOT SOLID! LOTS OF OPENINGS ABSORBED THE IMPACT!
IT'S SOME SORT OF A RESTRAINING WALL!
BUT WE CAN'T LET OURSELVES BE PINNED DOWN HERE BY THE UNENDING SUCTION!
IF ONLY HAWKEYE COULD UNLEASH HIS BLAST ARROW!
WUPPP!

SUCTION TOO STRONG! CAN'T PULL BACK MY BOW... BUT... IF I CAN WITHDRAW THE ARROW, I'LL LET THE FORCE OF THE AIR DO THE REST!
THERE! I GOT IT! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TURN IT THE RIGHT WAY...

...AND THE BLASTED AIR CURRENT WILL PULL IT ALONG...

...TILL IT REACHES THE SOURCE!
WHOOM!
HAS HAWKEYE'S ARROW DONE THE TRICK? AND WHAT WILL BEFALL THE LONELY CAPTAIN AMERICA BACK IN THE 20TH CENTURY?? TERRIFIC REVEALS ALL... NEXT WEEK!

A Power House PIN-UP